

THE JASPER WEEKLY COURIER.

VOL. I.

JASPER, INDIANA, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1858.

NO. 26

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY, AT JASPER,
DUBOIS COUNTY, INDIANA, BY
MEHRINGER, DOANE & SMITH.

OFFICE—CORNER OF MAIN CROSS AND
MACDONALD STREETS.

TERMS—STRICTLY IN ADVANCE:
Single Subscription, for fifty Nos., \$1 50
For six months, 1 00

RATES OF ADVERTISING.
For square of 10 lines or less, 1 week, \$1 00.
Each subsequent insertion, 25 cts.

Longer advertisements, at same rate. A
fraction over even square or squares, counted
as a square. These are the terms for trans-
ient advertisements; a reasonable deduc-
tion will be made to regular advertisers.
Notices of appointment of administrators
and legal notices of like character to be
paid for in advance.

ANNOUNCING CANDIDATES.
For Township offices, each, \$1.00
For County " " 2.00
For District, Circuit, or State, 5.00

The Old Folks' Room.

The old man sat by the chimney side,
His face was wrinkled and wan;
And he leaned both hands on his stout oak
cane,
As if all his work were done.

His coat was of good old fashioned gray,
The pockets were deep and wide,
Where his "penn" and his steel tobacco box
Lay snugly side by side.

The old man liked to stir the fire,
So, near him the tongs were kept;
Sometimes he mused as he gazed at the coals,
Sometimes he sat and slept.

What saw he in the embers there!
Ahl pictures of other years,
And now and then they awakened smiles,
But oftener started tears.

His good wife sat on the other side,
In a high-back, flig seat chair,
I see 'neath the flag of her muslin cap
The sheen of her silvery hair.

There's a happy look on her aged face,
As she busily knits for him,
And Nellie takes up the stitches dropped,
For grandmother's eyes are dim.

The children come and read the news,
To pass the time each day;
How it stirs the blood in the old man's heart
To hear of the world away.

'Tis a homely scene, I told you so,
But pleasant is to view;
At least I thought it so myself,
And sketched it down for you.

Be kind unto the old, my friend,
They're worn with this world's strife,
Though bravely once perchance they fought
The stern, fierce battle of life.

They taught our youthful feet to climb
Upward life's rugged slope;
Then let us lead them gently down
In Christ let's bid them hope.

The Bible.

It has always been a mystery to us that
the Bible is so little read, so poorly appre-
ciated. A few hurried snatches in the morn-
ing, the shortest psalm in the evening, to a
very great extent, comprise the Bible read-
ing of many who profess and call themselves
Christians. The prolific press is daily pour-
ing forth issues of side to Scripture reading;
the most gifted intellects both of this and
other lands are using all their power to
make the Bible the text book of the age, but
in vain. There seems to have arisen in the
mind of the rising generation an insatiable
desire for something new—something stir-
ring, something calculated to arouse their
stupified faculties. Persons will pore hour
after hour over soporific pages of some silly
novel, whose author has mistaken bombast
for brains, and vagueness for depth, while
the Bible—God's code of laws to sinful, re-
bellious man lies unopened for weeks, yes
months. The young man will nestle in
his bosom the sin-stained pages of Byron,
not knowing that his slime is polluting and
his poison infecting every affection of his
heart, while a stream of living water is gush-
ing from the full and ever flowing fountain
of truth. In the one he finds only waters
of Marah; in the other sweet, soul-inspiring,
soul-cheering streams whose freshness never
departs, whose supply never is wanting.

You cannot inflict greater punishment on
some persons than to force them to read dai-
ly a portion of God's Word. To them it is
as a "root out of dry ground; having no
form or comeliness." Why are these things
so? We find in the Bible everything that is
attractive and lovely; we find its pages
glittering with golden truths, its chapters

glowing with a Savior's love. The states-
man finds in the Pentateuch the ablest code
of laws in the world; the scholar never
grows weary in exploring this mine of hid-
den-treasure and immeasurable wealth; the
poet catches from the "sweet singer of Isra-
el" inspiration which kindles anew his
flickering flame; the most gifted minds the
world has ever produced unite in pronounc-
ing it to be far superior to anything of
man's production which has ever appeared in
literature.

Says Milton, "There are no songs com-
parable to the songs of Zion; no orations
equal to those of the Prophets, and no politi-
cals like those which the Scriptures teach."
Sir Matthew Hale, "There is no book like
the Bible for excellent wisdom, learning and
use." Hon Robert Boyle, "It is a matchless
volume; it is impossible we can study it too
much or esteem it too highly." We could
extend this list to a much greater extent,
but deem it unnecessary. Has the charac-
ter of Israel's great law-giver lost any of
its lovely meekness, or lofty nobility? Has
the wisdom of Solomon been surpassed by
that of any other man? Has the poetry of
David found its equal in ancient classics or
modern epic?

Has Gilead Peter lost his impetuous
zeal or his tearful repentance? Has loving
John ceased to win your admiration and en-
list your affection? Have you grown weary
in listening to the warbling angelic choir
as they hymn that majestic strain of "Peace
on earth, and good will to men!" Has the
lustre of the golden streets of the New Jeru-
salem been dimmed by the glare of earthly
riches? And, we ask in conclusion, has
the voice of Jesus of Nazareth lost its sweet-
ness, is he less able, or less willing to for-
give now than when he forgave poor weep-
ing Mary? Have you forgotten His suffer-
ing on Calvary! Have you forgotten that
he died for sinners such as you are?

Why, Oh! why is it then, that God's
word is so little thought of? Is it not to it
that we as a nation owe our prosperity, our
happiness?

There is radical defect somewhere. "These
things ought not to be so." We too well
know that to the regenerate heart the Bible
is a revelation of God's will, has but little
beauty. Yet its literary attractions, and they
are great, very great, still remains. Its char-
acters are the finest models in the world.
Its style cannot be surpassed by any writer,
ancient or modern.

It is suited for all classes and conditions of
life. The rich and the poor, the old and the
young, the learned and the unlearned, the
pastor and his people can find in its pages
something to suit their situations.

Sinner, to you it comes as a special bless-
ing, to you it points out one who came into
the world to die that you might live. Will
you not read it then? Will you not ask the
aid of God's spirit to enable you to em-
brace those rich offers of salvation, and
clasp that precious Saviour to your bosom.

Parent, will you not endeavor to point out
the beauties of this Book to your children
more in the future than you have done in
the past? Perhaps no little of this dis-taste
of God's Word lies at your door. Perhaps
your children been taught its truths bet-
ter when they were young, they would not
now neglect them when grown up. This
is a solemn thought, ponder it, think over
it. We would not have you forget that
"the spirit of God maketh the reading of the
Word an effectual means of convincing and
converting sinners, and building them up in
holiness and comfort through faith unto sal-
vation."

FIRST DISPATCH.—The Sentinel says
that the following is the first dispatch sent
over the Trans-Atlantic cable:

Queen Victoria to President Buchanan,
Greeting—

Dear Sir: I have just presented the Eng-
lish people with my tenth addition to the
Royal family. "Go thou and do likewise."
VICTORIA REGINA.

LONDON, August 5th, 1858.

After much trouble and expense, we have
procured the Old Sage's reply. It is as fol-
lows:

Dear Mrs Queen—Yours has been re-
ceived. Follow my example and "dry up."
Yours perpendicularly,

JAMES BUCHANAN.

Some men are courageous, and some
are not but we should like to see the man
who would deliberately allow a woman to
catch him making mouths at her baby.

Better than a Sermon.

The Philadelphia correspondent of the
New York Dispatch, in speaking of Rev.
Dr. B—, of the Quaker city, calls him a
"brick," and relates the following anecdote
of him:

In the Doctor's congregation is a Mr. K,
a gentleman who some twelve years ago
married a gay, dashing and beautiful girl;
a few days ago Mr. K. visited the Doctor at
his study; he looked sad, while his face was
as long as though a cannon ball were hung
to his chin.

"Doctor," said Mr. K. "I come to consult
you on a serious matter."

"I am all attention," replied the Dr., as he
bowed his visitor to a seat.

"The fact is, sir, I am apprehensive of
trouble. I fear I have committed an error
in marrying Maria."

"I trust not, Mr. K. I have ever held her
in high esteem. Pray what appears to be
the difficulty?"

"Well, doctor, Maria is very unsteady—
very volatile—very—"

"But my dear Mr. K.," urged the minister,
"consider the natural flow of spirits in a
young person."

"I do, sir; but I don't want that flow of
spirits to shape itself into a preference for
balls and parties to my society."

"Of course not; but is that all you have
to complain of?"

"It is at present, and it's enough to com-
plain of, I think." Then shifting his position
on the chair, he continued: "Don't you think
doctor, if you were to preach a sermon
against this sort of thing—against going out
to parties and other humbugs—it would do
good?"

"Well, no sir, I doubt its effect. But I
can suggest a better remedy—a remedy that
will at once cure your good lady of her ro-
ving propensity."

"Name it, doctor, and receive my everlast-
ing gratitude."

"I will sir. Provide her with a baby! a
blue eyed boy will do more towards inculcating
the commandments in the breast of a
woman than all the homilies ever uttered in
pulpit."

Mr. K's countenance didn't light up. He
arose reflectively:

"He folded his tent like the Arab,
And silently stole away."

WHAT A WOMAN SHOULD POSSESS.—We
call the attention of our lady readers to the
following catalogue from the Italian, the
perusal of which must interest them much.
By holding this tableau in one hand and a
mirror in the other, a woman can, in less
than two minutes, render an exact account
of her personal charms. Now, observe the
improvement! There are ladies who have
come to fifty years without ever being able
to know positively in what regard they are
held.

To be esteemed beautiful, it is necessary
for a woman to have—

3 white things—the skin, teeth and hands;
3 black things—the eyes, eyelashes and
eyebrows;

3 rosy things—the lips, bosom and nails;

3 long things—the body, hair and hands;

3 short things—the teeth, ears and tongue;

3 narrow things—the waist, mouth and
instep.

3 broad things—the forehead, shoulders
and intelligence;

3 small things—the nose, head and feet;

3 delicate things—the fingers, lip and
chin;

3 round things—the arm, leg and dower.

In all, 30 accomplishments, which consti-
tute a perfect woman. But perfection is
not of this world!

AN Irish girl being desired to hang
the washclothes on the horse in the kitchen
to dry, her mistress, shortly after, entering
the apartment, found a very gentle family
horse standing there completely covered
with different articles that had been washed
that day. Upon interrogating the girl she
replied, "Och, to be sure ye told me to
hang the clothes upon the horse in the
kitchen, an' the baste is the kindest I ever
saw, sure."

WE overheard a poor unfortunate fel-
low, get the following sockdolager, the other
day, from his better-half:

"You good for nothing fellow! what would
you have been if I had not married you!—
Whose was the baking kiver, whose the pig
trough, whose the frying pan and iron hoop-
ed bucket, but mine when you married me?"

Our Country is a Gallant Bark.

Our country is a gallant bark,
And gallant seems her crew;
The eagle's spirit makes her flight,
The eagle's wing her banner;
Where heaven unveils its cloudless blue,
Where winds and waves can bear her,
Her thunders speak to hostile realms,
That, hating, still must fear her.

From thirty empires linked in one
She takes her strength and glory,
And makes a progress 'neath the sun,
That glows a sun-like story;
In peace she grasps the pride of war,
In war her purpose loudly
Is still to save from cloud the star
That shines for freedom only!

And thus with giant might endow'd,
No giant will de-grade her;
Of power and wisdom justly proud,
No injured realm upbraids her;
She heeds no mock of foes who hate,
But steers with progress steady,
For those who hail with cheers elate,
For those with curses ready.

Oht gallant bark, if ever thus,
Thy course is right pursuing,
No hostile hate can rear the rock
Or wave to work thy ruin!
The seas she owns thy progress wide,
The realms of earth thy glory,
And in this dolly march of pride,
The sun shall write thy story.

When lovely woman shows her bosom,
O'er dresses fashionably low,
What man of passion could refuse 'em
The homage of a look or so?
And when our ardent gaze returning,
They scarce repress voluptuous sighs,
Is't strange our finger ends are burning
To press—our hats down o'er our eyes?

NO PREJUDICES OF COLOR.—In his recent
abolition speech, Lord Brougham related the
following anecdote: "Lord Lyndhurst gave
me a short time since an anecdote of a gen-
tleman who was connected with the Hague,
and who, on one occasion, received an in-
vitation to the house of a Cuban gentleman,
a negro proprietor of a large estate, where-
he was received with the utmost hospitality,
and treated elegantly. He said he was
rather entertained when, after dinner was
over, his colored host said that he was a
man without any prejudice whatever, and
that whenever he found a person honest,
honorable, and respectable in every point
of view, he held out the hand of fellowship
to him, even though his color was as white
as that table cloth."

TRUE.—I have found (says a certain writ-
ter) that the men who are really the most
fond of the society of ladies, who cherish for
them a high respect, awe reverence, are
seldom the most popular with the female
sex. Men of more assurance, whose
tongues are lightly hung, who make words
supply the place of ideas, and place compli-
ment in the room of sentiment, are the fa-
vorites. A true respect for woman leads to
respectful action towards them, and respect-
ful is usually distant action, and this great
distance is mistaken by them for neglect
and want of interest.

PRESERVING PEACHES.—Peel the peaches
and drop them in a vessel of cold water to
prevent them from turning dark. Then pu-
the sugar (loaf is preferable) in a preserving
kettle, with just water enough to dissolve it.
When it begins to boil, drop in the peaches
and let them remain until they look clear.
Put them immediately into the cans or jars,
and seal them securely. Very much depends
upon the sealing. If done well they will
keep for years, as perfect as when gathered.
Some put them up with less sugar, but they
should be as sweet as you wish them for the
table.

One of the deacons of a certain church
asked the Bishop if he usually kissed the bride
at weddings. "Always," was the reply.
"And how do you manage when the happy
pair are negroes?" said the deacon. "In all
such cases, replied the Bishop, 'the duty of
kissing is appointed to the deacons.'"

THE QUEEN'S SECOND DISPATCH.—Lon-
don, August 17th, 1858.—Dear Old Buck:
Prince Albert is suffering severely with the
King's Evil. The Prince of Wales is also
confined to his bed with the Royal Itch;
and our own person is affected with numer-
ous sores.

A very modest lady sent her very
modest daughter, a pretty young damsel, out
one merrig for some articles. Among the
many, she informed a clerk in one of our
stores—that her mother wanted to get three
yards of cloth, for primitive triangular appen-
dages for her infant.

AGRICULTURAL.

Thick and Thin Sowing.

The question of thick or thin sow-
ing, which was agitated so fiercely a
few years ago, by Davis, Mechi, Hux-
table, and other ultra agricultural re-
formers, is now pretty much decided.
A peck of seed to the acre is amply
sufficient, as they contended, if it all
grows, and the crop escapes wire-
worms, winter kill, &c.; but it is found
that those who practice such extreme
thin seeding always lose more from
these sources than those who sow
thicker, and that these losses more
than counterbalance the gain from sav-
ing a bushel or two of seed per acre.
Taking into consideration the many
pests that infest our wheat crop, we are
inclined to think that, if anything, we
sow too thin. Two bushels per acre
is none too much when sown broad-
cast, or a bushel and three pecks when
sown by the drill. The majority of
English farmers sow three bushels per
acre, and we know some of them who
sow three and a half, and even four
bushels per acre. This would be
greatly too much in our climate, but
we must not err in the other extreme.
—Genesee Farmer.

Colic in Horses

Colic in horses is a very common
disease, and if taken in time may be
easily cured in most cases. It is not
unfrequently confounded with inflam-
mation of the bowels, but it is easily
distinguished, as follows: Colic has no
increase of the pulse, which is not
over fifty a minute; the animal rolls;
the disease intermits, and there is but
little fever. With inflammation of
the bowels there is much fever; the
pulse is sometimes a hundred a minute,
the attack is gradual, and the disease
does not intermit.

When colic arises from bad food a
pint or so of a solution of saleratus
will often afford entire relief. As it
assumes more of a spasmodic charac-
ter, peppermint and ginger may be
added. We have used with entire and
immediate success, a small spoonful
of saleratus, the same quantity of gin-
ger, and a teaspoonful of peppermint,
added to a pint of nearly hot water,
and given from a junk bottle. Pow-
dered charcoal is one of the best and
safest remedies for any disease result-
ing from derangement of the diges-
tion, and two or three ounces or more,
mixed with water, may be given at
any time with great advantage.

Inflammation of the bowels is gen-
erally increased and rendered fatal by
irritating medicines. A drink of slip-
pery elm, hourly, to allay irritation—
giving the animal but little food, and
that weak gruel, and keeping him
quiet is good and safe treatment.—
Country Gentleman.

A correspondent of the Louis-
ville Journal gives the following re-
ceipt for curing hog cholera:

HICKMAN, KY., July 27, 1858.

Below you will find a receipt for
curing the hog cholera. It has been
used with success by some of the far-
mers in this neck of the woods. Take
2 ounces of copperas; 2 of lime, un-
slacked; 2 of strong ashes; 2 of sal
soda; 2 of saleratus; 8 of salt; 1 peck
of meal to be fed twice a day. The
next day take as many ears of corn as
you have hogs to feed, and rub them
well with tar, and feed three times a
day—feed alternately every day (al-
lowing them to eat nothing green) un-
til a cure is effected. It is very sim-
ple and is worth a trial by those who
are disposed to "save their Bacon."